

and i told you about
the buzzing fly
and the car doors that slammed
and the dog that made
noise in the yard

then you brought me
my breakfast
toasted animal crackers
a pig an elephant and a camel
i dropped their crumbs on this poem
if you are hungry

the child in the house
came in and
showed me his long dark bruise
and his skinned elbow
and told me the story
of all his dangers
and i asked him if it still hurt
and he said no
and asked me to name his animals
and this is the way
it was Sunday

Wine Day At The Flea Market

the man with the dresses
needed your gift of wine

the day grew too late for
anyone to buy his hanging clothes, his
books, his unmatched dishes

august is no time for summer, the
man with the patient eyes
doing everything so slowly
(his own complaint)
still there after everyone was leaving

we waved goodbye again
when we passed the second time
going back and forth across the day

for he was still bending
in the coming darkness,
folding and wrapping